



Barbieri Sculp.



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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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M D C C L X X I X.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS
IN THE
FIFTEEN AND SIXTEEN
CENTURIES
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON



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THE
P O E M S
OF
M I L T O N.

VOLUME I.



IN PARADISUM AMISSAM

SUMMI POETÆ

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?

Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,

Et fata, & fines continet iste liber.

Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,

Scribitur & toto quicquid in orbe latet :

Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum,

Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque specus :

Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, & Tartara cæca,

Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli :

Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,

Et sine fine Chaos, & sine fine Deus :

Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,

In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.

Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futura ?

Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.

O quantos in bella duces ! quæ protulit arma !

Quæ canit, & quanta prælia dira tuba !

Cœlestes acies ! atque in certamine cælum !

Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros !

Quantus in æthereis tollit se Lucifer armis !

Atque ipso graditur vix Michaële minor !

Quantis, & quam funestis concurritur iris,

Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit !

Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
 Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt :
 Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
 Et metuit pugnæ non superesse suæ.
 At simul in cœlis Mæssæ insignia fulgent,
 Et currus animæ, armaque digna Deo,
 Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
 Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco
 Admistis flammis insonuere polo :
 Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis,
 Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt ;
 Ad pœnas fugiunt, & ceu foret Orcus asylum,
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
 Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii,
 Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
 Hæc quicunque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
 Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet-blind, yet bold,
 In slender book his vast design unfold,
 Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
 Rebelling Angels, the forbidden tree,
 Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all ; the argument
 Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
 That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
 The sacred truths to fable and old song,
 (So Sampson grop'd the temple's posts in spite)
 The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight,

Yet

Yet as I read, still growing less severe;
 I lik'd his project, the success did fear;
 Through that wide field how he his way should find,
 O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
 Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,
 And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,
 Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
 (Such as disquiet always what is well,
 And by ill imitating would excel)
 Might hence presume the whole creation's day
 To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet; nor despise
 My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
 But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
 Within thy labours to pretend a share.
 Thou hast not mis'd one thought that could be fit,
 And all that was improper dost omit:
 So that no room is here for writers left,
 But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which through thy work doth reign,
 Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
 And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
 As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
 At once delight and horror on us seize,
 Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
 And above human flight dost soar aloft
 With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
 The bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
 So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
 Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind?
 Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite
 Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
 With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;
 While the town-bays writes all the while and spells,
 And like a pack-horse tires without his bells:
 Their fancies like our bushy-points appear,
 The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
 I too, transported by the mode, offend,
 And while I meant to praise thee must commend.
 Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
 Number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVELL.

To Mr. JOHN MILTON,
 On his Poem entitled PARADISE LOST.

O Thou! the wonder of the present age,
 An age immerst in luxury and vice;
 A race of triflers; who can relish naught
 But the gay issue of an idle brain:
 How couldst thou hope to please this tinsel race?
 Though blind, yet with the penetrating eye
 Of intellectual light thou dost survey
 The labyrinth perplex'd of Heaven's decrees;
 And with a quill, pluck'd from an angel's wing,
 Dipt in the fount that laves th' eternal throne,
 Trace the dark paths of providence divine,
 "And justify the ways of God to Man."

3

F. C. 1680.

T H E

THE VERSE.

THE measure is English heroic verse without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then

of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

THE
FIRST BOOK



PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd : Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent ; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action pass'd over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now falling into Hell, describ'd here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accus'd) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd Chaos : Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him ; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded : They rise, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven ; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determin thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep : The infernal peers there sit in council.

Book 1. [5]
PARADISE LOST.

B O O K I.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos : Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st ; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark

Illumin, what is low raise and support ;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favor'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides ?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt ?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory' above his peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal-sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantin chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded

Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd
In tetter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words

Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou bee'st he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ru'in: into what pit thou seest
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battel on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,

Who

I. Book I. PARADISE LOST.

Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy' and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, indanger'd Heav'n's perpetual king,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heav'nly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory' extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.

But

But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'er-pow'r'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spi'rit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminis'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend reply'd;

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As be'ing the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid

The

The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream;

Him

Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his skaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown
On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd,
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side

Of

Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be' it so, since he
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reas'on hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell;

Better

Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend
Was moving tow'ard the shore; his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine

Hewn

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with fire;
Nathless he so indur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, Angel forms, who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Aflote, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Buziris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once your's, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battel to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn

To

To' adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprang
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were, those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell
Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' up-lifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass

Rhene

Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith from every Squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Pow'rs that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix

Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleälé to the Asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd

[Israel]

Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe,
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
Ev'n to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth, those male,
These feminine: For Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood

Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful feat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also' against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew

God's

God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wand'ring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.
Belial came last, than whom a Spi'rit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of ri'ot ascends above their loftiest towers;
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd:
Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
Their boasted parents: Titan Heav'n's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's son like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to' have found their chief
Not in despair, to' have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd

His

His mighty standard: that proud honor clam'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colors waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorder; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battel, and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now

Advanc'd in view they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose: He through the armed files
 Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views, their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of Gods:
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
 Glories: for never since created man
 Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warr'd-on by cranes; though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
 And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Pontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess; yet observ'd
 Their dread commander: he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent
 Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd

Less

Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory' obscur'd; as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers

Matchless,

Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-raisd, and repossess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rise
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant

A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of Heaven;
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd,
For who can think submission? War then, War
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Against the High'est, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous brigad hasten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers with spade and pickax arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spi'rit that fell
From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,

Than

Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily out-done
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,

Built.

Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately highth, and strait the doors
Opening their brazen folds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a tow'rd structure high,
Where scepter'd Angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,
 On Lemnos th' Ægean ile: thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
 T'have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by command
 Of sovran pow'r, with awful ceremony
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaimed
 A solemn council forthwith to be held
 At Pandemonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
 From every band and squared regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
 Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry
 To mortal combat, or career with lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling winds. As bees
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,

The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery croud
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spi'rits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat
A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

The suburb of their bliss, with circling
New rapt with pain, exquisite and constant
Their state again. So back the way comes
Down it and were heaven of this the great gate,
Behold a wonder, that yet new words
In legends to legends with a claim have
Now less than fabled legends, in answer to
Thence numbered, like that pygmalion
Beyond the fading night, as fairy elves,
Which midnight revels by a forest tree
Of fountain some distant pastoral land,
Of heaven he sees, with ever-bard the more
Sits arbiters, and measure the earth
Watch her pale combs, day on their wings and dance
Latent, with second thoughts, and
At once with joyous, as his heart's desire
Thus incoherent spirits to finish form
Rejoice their lesser images, and were at large
Through which with joyous will would the hall
Of that inward court. But for within
And in their own similitude like themselves
The great Scepter's look and Christian
In this record and first conceits for
A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
Fragrant and tall. After their likeness then
And garments read, the great conch-like
And the great conch-like
And the great conch-like
THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

4 AP 54

PARADISE LOST

THE ARGUMENT

THE
SECOND BOOK



PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: Some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is preferr'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honor'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
 Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
 To that bad eminence; and from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught
 His proud imaginations thus display'd.

Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heaven,
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold
 Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
 I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
 Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven
 Did first create your leader, next free choice,
 With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
 Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,

Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw 25
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? where there is then no good 30
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will clame in Hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then 35
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To clame our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair; 45
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake. 50
My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.

For

For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose, 60
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resitless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engin he shall hear 65
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumm not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend 75
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find

To our destruction; if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse 185
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
 Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus
 We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd, 95
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being;
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. 105

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desp'rate revenge, and battel dangerous
 To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear

The

The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels and in what excels
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what revenge? the tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
 With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
 Incamp their legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
 With blackest insurrection, to confound
 Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy
 All incorruptible would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould
 Incapable of stain would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must ensperate

Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure, 145
To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and struck 165
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, 170
Awak'd should blow them into sev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again

His

His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd 180
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here 195
Chains and these torments? better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust 200
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.

I laugh,

I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
 And ventrous, if that fail them, shrink and fear 205
 What yet they know must follow, to indure
 Exile, or ignominy', or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqu'ror : this is now
 Our doom ; which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our sùpreme foe in time may much remit 210
 His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
 Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
 With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome 215
 Their noxious vapor, or inur'd not feel,
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain ;
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light, 220
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe. 225

Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not peace : and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to disunthrone the king of Heaven
 We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
 Our own right lost : him to unthrone we then
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife ;

The

The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us 235
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme
We overpow'r? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd Hallelujah's; while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers, 245
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
We can create, and in what place so'er 260
Thrive under ev'il, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and indurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst

Thick

Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd, 265
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
 Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light
 Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can Heav'n show more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements, these piercing fires 275
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may 280
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285
 The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-fearing men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance
 Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest: Such applause was heard 290
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace: for such another field
 They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear

Of

Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire 295
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pill'ar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood 305
With Atlantéan shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.
Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, Offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream, 315
And know not that the king of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain 320
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,

In highth or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with iron scepter rule
 Us here, as with his golden throne in Heaven.
 What fit we then projecting peace and war?
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
 Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsaf'd or fought; for what peace will be given
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return, 335
 But to our pow'r hostility and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the conqu'ror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dang'rous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place, 345
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
 Err not) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
 That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mold, 355
 Or substance, how indued, and what their power,
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
 And Heaven's high arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd, 360
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defense who hold it: here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess 365
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
 The puny habitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss, 375
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
 By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell

To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves 385
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep,
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring arms
And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air, 400
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy ile? what strength, what art can then 410
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need

All

All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415
The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own dismay
Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept 425
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

○ Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones, 430
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seis'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less

Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, 445
And this imperial sovranity, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I assume 450
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
High honor'd sits? Go therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise 465
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded

Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose; 475
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the Hig'h'est in Heav'n;
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd, 480
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal. 485
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'er-spread
Heav'n's chearful face, the louring element 490
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)

Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait. 505

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone th' antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme, 510
And God-like imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result: 515
Tow'ards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy
By heralds voice explain'd; the hollow' abyfs
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafning shout return'd them loud acclame. 520
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers
Disband, and, wand'ring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find 525
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields; 530
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Wag'd

Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battel in the clouds, before each van 535
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhoean rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battel; and complain that fate 550
Free virtue should inthrall to force or chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spi'rits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet 555
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,

Passion and apathy, and glory' and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy : 565
 Yet with a pleasing forcery could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another part in squadrons and gross bands, 570
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon 580
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe the river of oblivion rolls
 Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets, 585
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
 Of ancient pile ; or else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
 Where

Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethéan sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous bands 615
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created ev' il, for evil only good,

Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
 Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimæra's dire.

Mean while the Adversary' of God and Man,
 Satan with thoughts inflam'd of hig'hest design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and tow'ards the gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high. 635
 As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the iles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood 640
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly tow'ard the pole. So seem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamantin rock,
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair, 650
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting: about her middle round

A cry

A cry of Hell hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon 665
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 670
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on:
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast 675
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began. 680
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way

To

To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee: 685
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spi'rits of Heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
 Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons
 Conjur'd against the Hig'hest, for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695
 And reckon'ft thou thyself with Spi'rits of Heaven,
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'ft defiance here and scorn
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatning, grew ten-fold 705
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
 Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
 Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
 Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown

Each

Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky forcerers that sat
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between. 725

O Father, what intends thy hand, the cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What fury, O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy Father's head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735
Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interpos'est, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee, 740
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son;

I know

I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 745

T' whom thus the portrefs of Hell gate reply'd.
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's king,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide, 755
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seisd
All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign 760
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could else?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout 770
Through all the empyréan: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall

I also;

I also; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
At last this odious offspring whom thou see'st
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems, 790
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits

Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour 805
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear Daughter, since thou clam'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of Spi'rits, that in our just pretences arm'd 825
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the pourlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd

A race

A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd, 835
Lest Heav'n furcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils: Be this or ought
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odors; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famin should be fill'd, and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire.

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful king
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantin gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born, 860
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?

Thou

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 865
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And tow'ards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian Powers 875
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy ir' on or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host 885
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And

And time, and place are lost ; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold 895
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battel bring
Their embryon atoms ; they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, un-number'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise 905
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment ; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns : next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyfs, 910
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain 915
His dark materials to create more worlds ;
Into this wild abyfs the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage ; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engins bent to rase

Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements 925
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares, 940
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspiæ, who by stealth 945
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With

With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever Power 955
Or Spirit of the nethermost abyfs
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bord'ring on light; when strait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Damogorgon; Rumor next and Chance, 965
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost abyfs,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy, 970
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal king
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course; 980
Directed no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce

To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey) and once more 985
Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltring speech and visage incompas'd,
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heav'n's king, though overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend, 1000
Encroach'd on still through your intestin broils
Weakning the scepter of old Night: first Hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain 1005
To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
Havoc and spoil and ruin are my gain.
(He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply, 1010
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire

Into

Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015
Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
And more indanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larbord shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
So he with difficulty and labor hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labor he;
But he once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely indur'd a bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continued reaching th' utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the Spi'rits perverse 1030
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe
With tumult less and with less hostile din, 1040
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds

Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living saphir, once his native seat; 1050
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curfed hour he hies. 1055

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

4 AP 54

THE

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.



THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretels the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offense, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wand'ring he first finds a place, since call'd the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

HAIL holy Light, off-spring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam

May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light

Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,

Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,

Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice

Of God, as with a mantle didst invest

The rising world of waters dark and deep,

Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,

Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd

In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight

Through utter and through middle darkness borne

With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre

I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,

Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down

The dark descent, and up to re-ascend;

Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,

And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou

Revisit'st

Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs, 25
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowry brooks beneath, 30
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides, 35
And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate,

Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

55

Now had th' almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyréan where he sits
High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two 65
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
In blisful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament, 75
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, see'st thou what rage 80
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains

Heap'd

Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyfs
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound 85
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'nds the new created world,
And Man there plac'd, with purpose to assay 90
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall, 95
He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal Powers 100
And Spi'rits, both them who stood and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd, 105
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also' is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly' accuse

Their

Book III. PARADISE LOST.

77

Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
 As if predestination over-rul'd
 Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree 115
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
 So without least impulse or shadow' of fate, 120
 Or ought by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 Till they inthrall themselves; I else must change 125
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd 130
 By th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none: in mercy' and justice both,
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory' excel,
 But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.
 Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spi'rits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
 Substantially express'd; and in his face 140
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and without measure grace,
 Which

Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace; 145
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Incompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.

For should Man finally be lost, should Man, 150
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155

Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell 160
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defense.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed;

Man

Book III. PARADISE LOST.

79

Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew 175
 His laps'd pow'rs, though forfeit and inthrall'd
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe,
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
 All his deliverance, and to none but me.
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
 To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavor'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My umpire conscience, whom if they will hear, 195
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.

But

But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heaven, 205
Affecting God-head, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die,
Die he or justice must; unless for him 210
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save? 215
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw. 220
The deadly forfeiture, and ransome set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell.
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid

Can

Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring: 233
 Behold me then; me for him, life for life
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
 Account me Man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
 Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
 Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
 Life in myself for ev'r; by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245
 All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show 255
 The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
 Shall enter Heav'n-long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud

Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconcilment; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
Of his great Father. Admiration seisd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd.

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou 275
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280
Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself Man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room 285
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit 290
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,

And

And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,
 Far more than great or high; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory' abounds,
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal king; all power
 I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits; under thee as head supreme
 Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce;
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
 In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.

When thou attended gloriously from Heaven
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclame 325
 Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages, to the general doom
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
 Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
 Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
 And after all their tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
 Then thou thy regal scepter shalt lay by,
 For regal scepter then no more shall need, 340
 God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
 Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
 No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
 The multitude of Angels, with a shout 345
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
 With jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
 Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent
 Tow'ards either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
 Immortal

Book III. PARADISE LOST.

85

Immortal amaranth, a flow'r which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offense 355
 To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,
 And where the riv'er of bliss through midst of Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;
 With these that never fade the Spi'rits elect 360
 Bind their resplendent locks invreath'd with beams,
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible 375
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
 Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.

Thee next they fang of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
 Made visible, th' almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
 Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein 390
 By thee created, and by thee drew down
 Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks 395
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.
 Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclame
 Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on Man: Him through their malice fall'n, 400
 Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity' incline:
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pity' inclin'd, 405
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
 Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For Man's offense. O unexampled love, 410
 Love no where to be found less than Divine!
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name

Shall

Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd 420
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening storms 425
Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430
As when a vultur on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearning kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place

Living or lifeless to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aerial vapors flew 445
Of all things transitory' and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory' or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life; 450
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand, 455
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,

Cleombretus

Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
 Embryo's and idiots, eremites and friers
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;
 And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd; 480
 They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,
 And that crystallin sphere whose balance weighs
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd;
 And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485
 Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
 A violent cross wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious air; then might ye see
 Owls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost 490
 And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
 Indulgences, dispensess, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
 All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500
 His travel'd steps: far distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent

Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high;
 At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace gate, 505
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,
 And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heaven. 515
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd 520
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss: 525
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
 Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530
 Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,

On

On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
 From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood 535
 To Bersaba, where the Holy Land
 Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore;
 So wide the opening Rem'd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
 Satan from hence, now on the lower stair 540
 That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven gate,
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night, at last by break of chearful dawn 545
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
 With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd 550
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
 Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
 The Spi'rit malign, but much more envy seis'd,
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
 Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling canopy
 Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
 Of Libya to the fleecy star that bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
 Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole 555
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause
 Down right into the world's first region throws

His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 365
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
 Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
 Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there 370
 He stay'd not to inquire: above them all
 The golden sun in splendor likest Heaven
 Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends
 Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
 By center, or eccentric, hard to tell, 375
 Or longitude,) where the great luminary
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far; they as they move
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute 380
 Days months and years, tow'ards his all-cheering lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen, 385
 Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;
 So wondrously was set his station bright.
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
 Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw. 390
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone;

Not

Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light, as glowing ir'on with fire;
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear; 595
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
 In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
 Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
 That stone, or like to that, which here below 600
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
 In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
 Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
 Drain'd through a limbec to his native form. 605
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
 Th' arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces, with terrestrial humor mix'd, 610
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of color glorious, and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazled; far and wide his eye commands;
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from th' equator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall; and th' air
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,

The

The same whom John saw also in the sun :
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid ;
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar 625
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders sledge with wings
 Lay waving round ; on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope 630
 To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
 To Paradise the happy seat of Man,
 His journey's end and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay : 635
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd ;
 Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
 In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore
 Of many a color'd plume sprinkled with gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard ; the Angel bright, 645
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonish'd by his ear, and strait was known
 Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650
 That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,

O'er

O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those seven Spi'rits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright, 665

The first art wont his great authentic will

Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,

Where all his sons thy embassy attend;

And here art likeliest by supreme decree

Like honor to obtain, and as his eye 666

To visit oft this new creation round;

Unspeakable desire to see, and know

All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,

His chief delight and favor, him for whom

All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 667

Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim

Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell

In which of all these shining orbs hath Man

His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,

But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell; 670

That I may find him, and with secret gaze

Or open admiration him behold,

On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd

Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;

That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675

The universal Maker we may praise;

Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes

To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss

Created this new happy race of Men

To serve him better: wise are all his ways. 680

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;

For neither Man nor Angel can discern

Hypocrisy,

Hypocrisy, the only' evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth : 685
 And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems : Which now for once beguil'd
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held 690
 The sharpest-sighted Spi'rit of all in Heaven ;
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd.
 Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorify 695
 The great Work-master, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
 Contented with report hear only' in Heaven :
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight ;
 But what created mind can comprehend 705
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,
 This world's material mold, came to a heap ;
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar 710
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd ;
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,

Light

Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire; 715
And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course; 720
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
His day, which else as th' other hemisphere 725
Night would invade; but there the neigh'ring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely' interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 735
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to superior Spi'rits is wont in Heaven,
Where honor due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'ard the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Light shone, and order from disorder sprung;
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then
 The campers thence, earth, flood, air, fire;
 And this aspect, quittance of Heaven
 Flew upward, spiced with various smells,
 That roll'd orbicular, and round to show
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course;
 The rest in circuit walls this universe
 Look downward on that globe, whole within side
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
 That places Earth the least of Man, that light
 His day, which else as th' other hemisphere
 Night would invade; but there the reigning moon
 (So call this opposite side) her aid
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, through mild Heaven
 With borrow'd light her countenance adorn
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten Earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,
 Adam's abode, whose lofty shades his power
 Thy way thou'lt find not mine, the same receives.
 Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
 As to superior spirits is wont in Heaven,
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and tow'ard the coast of earth begaith,
 Down from the sceptre, foot with hood discreet,
 Throws his deep sigh, and in his hand
 For key, all on Olympus, up he gaith.
 THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Eden now is composed of Eden, and again the place
where he first saw the light, and the place where
he was first brought into the world, and the place
many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear,
envy, and despair; but at length contains himself in
evil, journeying on to Paradise, whose outward prospect
and situation is described, and the bounds, the
in the shape of a country, the tree of life, as
highest in the garden, to look almost into
God's habitation, and the light of Adam and Eve,
the words of their excellent poem and happy fate.

FOURTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.



THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escap'd the deep, and pass'd at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower describ'd; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

O For that warning voice, which he who saw
 Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth ! that now, 5
 While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
 The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd,
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare: for now
 Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
 The tempter ere th' accuser of man-kind, 10
 To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
 Of that first battel, and his flight to Hell:
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15
 Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
 And like a devilish engin back recoils
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
 The Hell within him; for within him Hell 20
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
 One step no more than from himself can fly

By change of place : now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25
Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad ;
Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower : 30
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call, 35
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down 40
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king :
Ah wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard. 45
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher 50
Would set me hig'hest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,

So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind 55
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what t' accuse,
 But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell; 75
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame

Among the Spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
With diadem and scepter high advanc'd, 90
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void,
For never can true reconcilment grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead 105
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewel remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at least 110
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;

As

As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face ;
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair ; 115
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
 For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm, 120
 Artificer of fraud ; and was the first
 That practis'd falshood under faintly show,
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge :
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
 Uriel once warn'd ; whose eye pursued him down 125
 The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount
 Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort : his gestures fierce
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130
 So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides 135
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access deny'd ; and over head up grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend 140
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops

The

The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung :
 Which to our general fire gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighb'ring round. 145
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd :
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams 150
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God hath show'r'd the earth ; so lovely seem'd
 That landscape : And of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155
 All sadness but despair : now gentle gales
 Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabeen odors from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the blest ; with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles : 165
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
 Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill

Satan

Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
 But further way found none, so thick intwin'd,
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth 175
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
 All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:
 One gate there only was, and that look'd east
 On th' other side: which when th' arch-felon saw,
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180
 At one slight bound high over leap'd all bound
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve 185
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
 Or as a thief bent to unhord the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
 So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
 So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
 The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195
 Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
 To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
 Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
 For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge 200
 Of immortality. So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right

The

The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views 205
 To all delight of human sense expos'd
 In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
 A Heav'n on Earth: for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in th' east
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line 210
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd; 215
 Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 220
 Our death the tree of knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd, for God had thrown 225
 That mountain as his garden mold high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden; thence united fell 230
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And

And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account ; 235
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling' on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245
Inbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view ;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250
If true, here only', and of delicious taste :
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hilloc ; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose :
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; mean while murm'ring waters fall 260
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd

Her

Her crytal mirror holds, unite their streams,
 The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
 Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
 Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis 270
 Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
 Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian ile 275
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 Hid Amalthea and her florid son
 Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280
 Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
 True Paradise under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus head, inclos'd with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend 285
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange,
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honor clad
 In naked majesty seem'd lords of all, 290
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine,
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,

Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 (Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd)
 Whence true authority in men; though both 295
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
 For contemplation he and valor form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
 He for God only, she for God in him:
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd 300
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 She as a veil down to the slender waste
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of nature's works, honor dishonorable,
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind 315
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: 320
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met;

Adam

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
 Under a toft of fhade that on a green 325
 Stood whisp'ring foft, by a frefh fountain fide
 They fat them down; and after no more toil
 Of their fweet gard'ning labor than fuffic'd
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made eafe
 More eafy, wholfome thirft and appetite 330
 More grateful, to their fupper fruits they fell,
 Nectarin fruits which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, fide-long as they fat recline
 On the foft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
 The favy pulp they chew, and in the rind 335
 Still as they thirfted fcoop the brimming fream;
 Nor gentle purpofe, nor endearing fmiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befeems
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frifking play'd 340
 All beafts of th' earth, fince wild, and of all chafe
 In wood or wildernefs, foreft or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant 345
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe probofcis; clofe the ferpent fly
 Infinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grafs 350
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with paffure gazing fat,
 Or bedward ruminating; for the fun
 Declin'd

Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean iles, and in th' ascending scale
Of Heav'n the stars that usher evening rose: 355
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mold, earth-born perhaps, 360
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied: League with you I seek, 375
And mutual amity so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,

And send forth all her kings ; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring ; if no better place, 385
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honor and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what else though damn'd I should abhor.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespied
To mark what of their state he more might learn 400
By word or action mark'd : about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft 405
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
Grip'd in each paw : when Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow. 410

Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all ; needs must the Power
That

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 115

That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite ; 415
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep 420
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only tree
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life ;
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425
 Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
 Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given 430
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights : 435
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
 To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom 440
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide

And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks ; I chiefly who enjoy 445
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd 450
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n ; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite 460
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me : I started back,
It started back ; but pleas'd I soon return'd ;
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love : there I had fix'd 465
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself ;
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably

Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do, 475
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd; 480
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'ft thou? whom thou fly'ft, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee clame
My other half; with that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast 495
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds 500
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd

For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, fight tormenting ! thus these two 505
 Imparadis'd in one another's arms,

The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
 Of bliss on bliss ; while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 Among our other torments not the least, 510
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.

Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From their own mouths : all is not theirs it seems ;
 One fatal tree there stands of knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste : Knowledge forbidden ? 515
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
 Envy them that ? can it be sin to know ?

Can it be death ? and do they only stand
 By ignorance ? is that their happy state,
 The proof of their obedience and their faith ? 520

O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin ! Hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt 525

Equal with Gods : aspiring to be such
 They taste and die : what likelier can ensue ?

But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd ;

A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530
 Some wand'ring Spi'rit of Heav'n by fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw

What

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 119

What further would be learn'd. Live while you may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 540
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even 555
On a sun beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impress the air, and shows the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place

No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know, 565
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gate;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find. 575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitst,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580
Well known from Heav'n; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if Spi'rit of other sort,
So minded, have o'er-leap'd these earthly bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,

Incredible

Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
 Diurnal, or this less volúbil earth,
 By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 593
 Arraying with reflected purple' and gold
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.
 Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird, 600
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
 With living saphirs: Hesperus, that led 605
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair Consort, th' hour
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labor and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines 615
 Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
 Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
 Man hath his daily work of body' or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways; 620
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.

To

To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform 625
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty' adorn'd.
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst 635
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glitt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth 645
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends 650
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glitt'ring

Glitt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers:
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, 655
Or glittering star-light without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd.

Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve, 660
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain 665
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only' inlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep 680
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,

Sole,

Sole, or responsive each to others note,
 Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk 685
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful bow'r; it was a place 690
 Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf on either side 695
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic; underfoot the violet, 700
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
 Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower 705
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710
 And heav'nly quires the hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our fire

Brought

Book IV. PARADISE LOST.

125

Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

715

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

720

725

730

735

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Strait side by side were laid; nor turn'd I ween
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites

740

Mysterious

Mysterious of connubial love refus'd :
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity and place and innocence, 745
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man ?
Hail wedded Love, mysterious law, true source 750
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be' it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbecom'g holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets 760
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile 765
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
These lull'd by nightingales embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof

Show'rd

Show'rd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest, if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more. 775

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour stood arm'd
 To their night watches in warlike parade, 780
 When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
 Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785
 From these, two strong and subtle Spi'rits he call'd
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
 This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd
 Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795
 Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
 Dazling the moon; these to the bow'r direct
 In search of whom they fought: him there they found
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach
 The organs of her fancy', and with them forge
 Illusions

Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise 805

Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits ingendering pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810

Touch'd lightly ; for no falsehood can endure,
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness : up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815
Fit for the tun some magazine to store

Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air :
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd 820
So sudden to behold the grisly king ;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel Spi'rits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison ? and transform'd,
Why satst thou like an enemy in wait, 825
Here watching at the head of these that sleep ?

Know ye not then, said Satan fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me ? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar ;
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830
The lowest of your throng ; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

Your

Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answ'ring scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted Spi'rit, thy shape the same, 835
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee'; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845
Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue' in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do 855
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud. 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate 870
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
By thy example, but have pow'r and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow. 885
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no
And boldly venture to whatever place [doubt,
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment

Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
 To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895
 But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object
 His will who bound us? let him surer bar
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
 The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900
 But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
 Disdainfully half smiling thus reply'd.
 O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
 Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905
 And now returns him from his prison scap'd,
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicenc'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910
 However, and to scape his punishment.
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
 Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
 Less hardy to indure? courageous Chief, 920
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight;

Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd frowning stern.

Not that I less indure, or shrink from pain, 925

Insulting Angel; well thou know'st I stood

Thy fiercest, when in battel to thy aid

The blasting volied thunder made all speed,

And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.

But still thy words at random, as before, 930

Argue thy inexperience what behoves

From hard assaies and ill successes past

A faithful leader, not to hazard all

Through ways of danger by himself untry'd :

I therefore, I alone first undertook 935

To wing the desolate abyss, and spy

This new created world, whereof in Hell

Fame is not silent, here in hope to find

Better abode, and my afflicted Powers

To settle here on earth, or in mid air; 940

Though for possession put to try once more

What thou and thy gay legions dare against;

Whose easier business were to serve their Lord

High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,

And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight. 945

To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd.

To say and strait unsay, pretending first

Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,

Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,

Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950

O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!

Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?

Army

Book IV. PARADISE LOST.

133

Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.

Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,

Your military obedience, to dissolve

955

Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supreme?

And thou, fly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem

Patron of liberty, who more than thou

Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servily ador'd

Heav'n's awful monarch? wherefore but in hope 960

To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?

But mark what I arreer thee now, Avant;

Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour

Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,

Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,

965

And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn

The facil gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats

Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains, 970

Proud liminary Cherub, but ere then

Far heavier load thyself expect to feel

From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's king

Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,

Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975

In progress through the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright

Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns

Their phalanx, and began to hem him round

With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980

Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends

Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind

Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Left on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On t'other side Satan alarm'd 985
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Aftrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air 1000
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battels and realms: in these he put two weights
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend. 1005
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;
Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,
If

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 135

° If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night. 1015

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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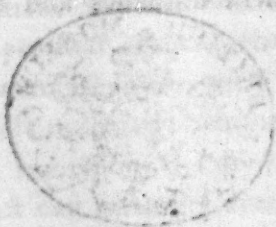
THE ARGUMENT.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.



THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labors: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God to render man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

NOW morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
 Was aery light from pure digestion bred,
 And temp'rate vapors bland, which th' only sound 5
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough; so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, 10
 As through unquiet rest: he on his side
 Leaning half-rai'd, with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice 15
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
 Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What

What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night 30
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offense and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night: methought 35
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire? 45
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways 50
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,

Much

Much fairer to my fancy than by day :
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heaven
By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gaz'd ;
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man ? is knowledge so despis'd ? 60
Or envy' or what reserve forbids to taste ?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here ?
This said, he paus'd not, but with ventrous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted ; me damp horror chill'd 65
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold ;
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men : 70
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honor'd more ?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also ; happy though thou art, 75
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be :
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,

Ev'n

Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savory smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

Best image of myself and dearer half, 95
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul 100
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief; among these fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes, 105
Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we' affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes 110
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild works produces oft, and most in dreams,

Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.

Some such resemblances methinks I find

Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream, 113

But with addition strange; yet be not sad.

Evil into the Mind of God or Man

May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave

No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope

That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, 120

Waking thou never wilt consent to do.

Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,

That wont to be more chearful and serene,

Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;

And let us to our fresh employments rise 125

Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers

That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,

Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd,

But silently a gentle tear let fall 130

From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;

Two other precious drops that ready stood,

Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell

Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse

And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.

But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof

Soon as they forth were come to open sight

Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,

With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim, 140

Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,

Discovering in wide landskip all the east

Of

Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145
In various stile; for neither various stile
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse, 150
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then! 155
Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. 165
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise

In

In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st, 175
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd-up light.
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise 185
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow, 195
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living Souls: ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still 205
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine 215
To wed her elm; she spous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heav'n's high king, and to him call'd 220
Raphael, the sociable Spi'rit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
His marriage with the sev'ntimes-wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell scap'd through the darksome gulf 225
Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd
This night the human pair, how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To respite his day-labor with repast,

Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happinefs in his pow'r left free to will, 235
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 240
The fall of others from like state of blifs;
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Left wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245

So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd: but from among
Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood 
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light 250
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work 255
Divine the sovran Architect had fram'd.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes;
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd 260
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes

Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon :
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens 265
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steddý wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air ; till within soar 270
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he seems
A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph wing'd ; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament ; the middle pair 280
Girt like a starry zone his waste, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipt in Heav'n ; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood, 285
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch ; and to his state,
And to his message high in honor rise ;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound. 290
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And

And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.
Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun 300
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305
Of necta'rous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive 315
Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mold,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,

All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes: 325
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth
God hath dispens'd his bounties as in Heaven. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring 335
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing mother yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths 345
From many a berry', and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strows the ground
With rose and odors from the shrub unfum'd.

Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet 350
His God-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections;

Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long 355
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam though not aw'd,
Yet with submits approach and reverence meek,
As to' a superior nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us 365
Two' only, who yet by sovran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline. 370
Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spi'rits of Heaven,
To visit thee; lead on then where thy bower 375
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells; but Eve
Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380
Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,

Stood to' entertain her guest from Heav'n ; no veil
 She needed, virtue-proof ; no thought infirm
 Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel Hail 385
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390
 Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
 And on her ample square from side to side
 All autumn pil'd, though spring and autumn here
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold ;
 No fear left dinner cool ; when thus began
 Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
 These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
 The earth to yield ; unsavory food perhaps
 To spiritual natures ; only this I know,
 That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part 405
 Spiritual, may of purest Spi'rits be found
 No' ingrateful food : and food alike those pure
 Intelligential substances require,
 As doth your rational ; and both contain
 Within them every lower faculty 410
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And

And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements 415
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapors not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even 425
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dew, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here 430
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435
Of Theologians; but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through Spi'rits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal th' empiric alchemist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold

As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence 445
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to' have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell. 450

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass
Giv'n him by this great conference to know
Of things above his world, and of their being 455
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far
Exceeded human, and his wary speech
Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favor, in this honor done to Man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav'n's high feasts to' have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,

Indued

Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending
Each in their severall active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odórous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,
To vital spi'rits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense, 485
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 490
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance: time may come, when Men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient di'et, nor too light fare; 495
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,

Whose

Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.
O favourable Spi'rit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From center to circumference, whereon 510
In contemplation of created things

By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert, 515
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God; 520
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.

This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere 525
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:

Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him 530
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve

Willing

Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand 535
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall: 540
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me', and still assure: though what thou tell'st
Hath pass'd in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n. 560

Thus Adam made request; and Raphaël
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High

High matter thou injoin'st me', O prime of men,
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits 565
Of warring Spirits? how without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfect while they stood? how last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good 570
This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best; though what if Earth
Be but the shadow' of Heav'n, and things therein 575
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now roll, where Earth now
Upon her center pois'd; when on a day [rests
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host
Of Angels by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd

Holy

Book V. PARADISE LOST.

599

Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light, 600
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.

This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605

At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great vice-gerent reign abide
United as one individual soul 610

For ever happy: Him who disobey's,
Me disobey's, breaks union, and that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem'd well pleas'd; all seem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill;
Mytical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620
Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,

Eccentric,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem;
And in their motions harmony divine 625
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd
(For we have also' our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
Desirous; all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven. 635
On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who showr'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there 645
In darker veil) and roseate dews dispos'd
All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng, 650
Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,

Pavilions

Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their course
Melodious hymns about the sovran throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in power, 660
In favor and præminence, yet fraught
With envy' against the Son of God, that day
Honor'd by his great Father, and proclam'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unobey'd the throne supreme 670
Contemtuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, Companion dear, what sleep can close
Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675
Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place

To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night 685
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our king 690
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695
Of his associate: he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent Powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd Heaven, 700
The great hierarchal standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice 705
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven;
His count'nance, as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host. 710
Mean while th' eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount

And

And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And smiling to his only Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we clame
Of deity or empire; such a foe
Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne 725
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
In our defense, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event 740
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.

So spake the Son; but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night, 745
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees; regions to which 750
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globe
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the north 755
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call 760
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heaven, 765
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,

If

If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775
All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult, how we may best
With what may be devis'd of honors new 780
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how indur'd
To one and to his image now proclam'd?
But what if better counsels might erect 785
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of Heav'n possess'd before 790
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchy over such as live by right 795
His equals, if in pow'r and splendor less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuse 800
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

Thus far his bold discourse without controll
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd 805
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810
Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,
That to his only Son by right indued 815
With regal scepter, every soul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
Confess him rightful king? unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign, 820
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of Heaven
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state under one head more near 830
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:

Thyself

Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son? by whom 835
 As by his Word the mighty Father made
 All things, ev'n thee; and all the Spi'rits of Heaven
 By him created in their bright degrees,
 Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
 Essential Pow'rs; nor by his reign obscur'd,
 But more illustrious made; since he the head
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
 His laws our laws; all honor to him done
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage, 845
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
 Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,
 While pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd, 850
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
 Th' Apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.
 That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new! 855
 Doctrin which we would know whence learn'd: who saw
 When this creation was? remember'st thou
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now;
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rai'd 860
 By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature

Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own; our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th' almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carry to th' anointed King; 870
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the found of waters deep
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host; nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875
Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O Spi'rit accurs'd,
Forsoaken of all good; I see thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall; 885
That golden scepter, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel

His

Book V. PARADISE LOST.

169

His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.

Then who created thee lamenting learn,

When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

395

So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he;

Among innumerable false, unmov'd,

Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrify'd,

His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;

900

Nor number, nor example with him wrought

To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind

Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,

Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd

Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;

905

And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd

On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

PARADISE LOST
THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.



THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his Angels. The first fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under night: He calls a council, invents devilish engins, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder: but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends MESSIAH his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory: He in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the deep: MESSIAH returns with triumph to his Father.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

ALL night the dreadful Angel unpursued
 Through Heav'n's wide champain held his way; till
 Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand [morn,
 Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
 Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
 Where light and darkness in perpetual round
 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through
 Grateful vicissitude, like day and night; [Heaven
 Light issues forth, and at the other door
 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10
 To veil the Heav'n, though darkness there might well
 Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn
 Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold
 Empyrean; from before her vanish'd night,
 Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain 15
 Cover'd with thick imbattel'd squadrons bright,
 Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
 War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
 Already known what he for news had thought 20
 To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
 Among those friendly Pow'rs, who him receiv'd

With

With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost: On to the sacred hill 25
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony' of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care, 35
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go Michael of celestial armies prince,
And thou in military prowess next 45
Gabriel, lead forth to battel these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that Godless crew
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms 50
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heaven
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss

Into

Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall. 55

So spake the sovran voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60

At which command the Powers militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrat join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65

Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides 70

Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over Eden to receive 75

Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80

In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable

Of

Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded Pow'rs of Satan hasting on 85
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90
In the mid way: though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great fire 95
Hymning th' eternal Father: but the shout
Of battel now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God
Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front 105
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battel ere it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold; 110
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And

And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realtà 115
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakeſt prove
Where boldeſt, though to fight unconquerable?
His puiſſance, truſting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whoſe reaſon I have try'd 120
Unſound and falſe; nor is it ought but juſt,
That he who in debate of truth hath won
Should win in arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor; though brutiſh that contéſt and foul,
When reaſon hath to deal with force, yet ſo 125
Moſt reaſon is that reaſon overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth ſtepping oppoſit, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus ſecurely him deſy'd. 130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The highth of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain 135
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in arms;
Who out of ſmalleſt things could without end
Have rais'd inceſſant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow 140
Unaided could have finiſh'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkneſs: but thou ſeeſt

All are not of thy train; there be who faith
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone 145
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
 From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
 Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150
 Of my revenge, first fought for thou return'st
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose 155
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met
 Their deities to assert, who while they feel
 Vigor divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
 From me some plume, that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between
 (Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
 At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven
 To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Ministring Spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song;
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,
 Servility with freedom to contend,
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 170
 To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 179

Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of servitude to serve whom God ordains, 175
 Or Nature: God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
 Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd;
 Yet lewdly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom; let me serve
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd; 185
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth 195
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battel: whereat Michäel bid sound

Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosannah to the High'st: nor stood at gaze 205
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock: now storming fury rose,
 And clamor such as heard in Heav'n till now
 Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
 Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volies flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rush'd 215
 Both battels main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage; all Heaven
 Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
 Had to her center shook. What wonder? when
 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought 220
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions: how much more of power
 Army' against army numberless to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
 Had not th' eternal King omnipotent
 From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
 And limited their might; though number'd such
 As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
 A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
 A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd

Each

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 182

Each warrior single as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battel, open when, and when to close 235
 The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argued fear; each on himself rely'd,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory: deeds of eternal fame 240
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
 That war and various, sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
 Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire: long time in even scale 245
 The battel hung; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd 250
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide waisting; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, 255
 A vast circumference: At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestin war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown 260
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil; unknown till thy revolt,

Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself 265
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
And faithful, now prov'd false? But think not here
'To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280
So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chace me hence? err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we stile
The strife of glory; which we mean to win, 290
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free

If

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 183

If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have fought thee far and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth 309

Of Godlike pow'r? for likest Gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields 305
Blaz'd opposit, while expectation stood

In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth 319
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,

Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid sky

Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both with next to' almighty arm
Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determin, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd

In might or swift prevention: but the sword 320
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen

Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd, 325
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so fore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him: but th' ethereal substance clos'd,
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of necta'rous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguin, such as celestial Spi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335
By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defense, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame, 340
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for Spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man 345
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air!
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and color, shape or size
Assume,

Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought, 355
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmadai, 365
Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven, 375
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
For strength from truth divided and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise

And

And ignominy, yet to glory' aspires
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame;
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

385

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,
 With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd,
 Then first with fear surpriz'd and sense of pain,
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear or flight or pain.

390

395

Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes; not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd.

400

Now night her course began, and over Heaven
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
 And silence on the odious din of war:
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
 Victor and vanquish'd: on the foughten field
 Michaël and his Angels prevalent
 Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,

410

Cherubic

Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd: and void of rest, 415
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, Companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honor, dominion, glory and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What Heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send 425
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430
Some disadvantage we incur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound, 435
Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause

Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose. 445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
 Nisroch, of Principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
 And cloudy in aspect thus answ'ring spake. 450

Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil 455
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails

Valor or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460

But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overturns

All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend 465

Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
 Ourselves with like defense, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface

Of this ethereous mold whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems and gold;
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth 480
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
These in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame;
Which into hollow engins long and round
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far with thund'ring noise among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labor; yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 495
He ended, and his words their drooping chear
Inlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor mis'd; so easy' it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible: yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,

Some

Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With devilish machination, might devise
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men 505
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew:
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands
 Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
 Th' originals of nature in their crude
 Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd: 515
 Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unespied.

Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in halt: him soon they met

Under

Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in flow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 535
Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see 540
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His adamantin coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower, 545
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward mov'd imbattel'd: when behold 550
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the Fraud. At interview both stood 555
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast 560
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;

But

But that I doubt; however witness Heaven,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed stand, 563
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended: when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd: 570
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd) 575
Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense 580
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From those deep throated engins belch'd, whose roar
Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor host 590
Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though

Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;
 The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might 595
 Have easily as Spi'rits evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove; but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
 Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files.
 What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse 600
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tire 605
 Of thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these victors proud?
 Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we, 610
 To entertain them fair with open front
 And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd 615
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood. 620
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand; 625
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, highten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might 630
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy', and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms 635
Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose.

Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven 640
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)

Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loosning to and fro
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops 645

Up-lifting bore them in their hands: Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seisd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engins triple-row 650

They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;

Themselves

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 195

Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
 Main promontories flung, which in the air
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;
 Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruise'd
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such pris'n, though Spi'rits of purest light, 660
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
 The rest in imitation to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
 Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
 Upon confusion rose: and now all Heaven
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread; 670
 Had not th' almighty Father, where he sits
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675
 To honor his anointed Son aveng'd
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
 Th' assessor of his throne he thus began.
 Effulgence of my glory, Son below'd, 680
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by deity I am;

And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven, 685
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
These disobedient: sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dange'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine.
Of ending this great war, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare; 705
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's might, 710
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My

My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed king.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the filial Godhead answer'ing spake.

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is most just; this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Scepter and pow'r, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure

arise

Far separate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeign'd Halleluiahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief. 745
So said, he o'er his scepter bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine, [sound
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind
The chariot of paternal Deity, 750
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beril, and carreering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a saphir throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the show'ry arch.
He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd 765
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen: 770
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystallin sky, in saphir thron'd,
Illustrious

Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
 First seen; them unexpected joy surpris'd,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd 775
 Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heaven;
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
 His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
 Under their Head imbody'd all in one.
 Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd; 780
 At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
 Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
 Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
 This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd, 785
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Powers
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
 In heav'nly Spi'rits could such perverseness dwell?
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790
 They harden'd more by what might most reclame,
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
 Took envy; and aspiring to his highth,
 Stood reimbattel'd fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall
 In universal ruin last; and now
 To final battel drew, disdaining flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
 To all his host on either hand thus spake. 800

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel rest;

Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805
Invincibly ; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs ;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints :
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude ; stand only and behold 810
God's indignation on these Godless pour'd
By me ; not you but me they have despis'd,
Yet envied ; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supreme
Kingdom and pow'r and glory appertains, 815
Hath honor'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd ;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battel which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.
So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance too severe to be beheld, 825
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night ; under his burning wheels

The

The

The stedfast empyréan shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
 Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand 835
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
 Plagues; they astonish'd all resistance lost,
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
 O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode 840
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four 845
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength, 850
 And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid voly; for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven: 855
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
 Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And crystal wall of Heaven, which opening wide, 860
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
 Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous fight

Struck

Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath 865
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
 Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870
 Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
 Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
 Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
 Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
 Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes 880
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright, 885
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
 Worthiest to reign: he celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
 And temple of his mighty Father thron'd. 890
 On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 203

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth,
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895
What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which beset, and war in Heaven
Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy state, 900
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happiness thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905
As a despite done against the most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to' have heard
By terrible example the reward 910
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

These menacing things in Heaven by things on Earth;
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to that I have reveal'd
What might have led to better ends than this;
The direct which path, and way in Heaven
Among the Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of those who high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now the State
Who now is placing how he lost his
Thence also from obedience, that with him
Heaven's of happiness than may it partake
His punishment, desired this of
Which would be all his pains and wrongs
As a desire done against the law of
Thence once more, and his work
But listen not, for I have heard
Thy weakness; for it profits thee no harm
By terrible example the reward
Of disobedience; when they regret their hand,
Yet fall, remember, and fear to transgress.

4 AP 54

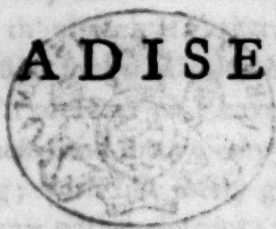
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE
ARGUMENT
SEVENTH BOOK

expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven,
declared his pleasure to create another world and
other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with
glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work
of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with
him the performance thereof, and his residence
into Heaven.

PARADISE LOST.



THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
 Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
 Above the flight of Pegasæan wing.
 The meaning, not the name I call: for thou
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
 Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born,
 Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
 Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
 Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10
 In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
 With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
 Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down 15
 Return me to my native element:
 Left from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
 Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorn. 20
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible diurnal sphere;

Standing

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days, 25
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
 Purples the east: still govern thou my song, 30
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35
 To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd
 Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores;
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.
 Say Goddess, what ensued when Raphaël, 40
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
 Adam by dire example to beware
 Apostasy, by what befel in Heaven
 To those apostates, lest the like befal
 In Paradise to Adam or his race 45
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
 So easily obey'd amid the choice
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
 Though wand'ring. He with his consorted Eve 50
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear

Of

Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
 So unimaginable as hate in Heaven,
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss 55
 With such confusion: but the evil soon
 Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
 What nearer might concern him, how this world
 Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,
 What within Eden or without was done 65
 Before his memory, as one whose drouth
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
 Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest.
 Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70
 Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
 Divine interpreter, by favor sent
 Down from the empyréan to forewarn
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
 For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovran will, the end
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd 80
 Gently for our instruction to impart
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd

Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known, 85
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid earth, what cause 90
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we not to explore the secrets ask 95
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears, 100
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of Nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring 105
Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought:
And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild, 110
This also thy request with caution ask'd
Obtain: though to recount almighty works

What

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 211

What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve 115
 To glorify the maker, and infer
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
 Thy hearing, such commission from above
 I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain 120
 To ask, nor let thine own invention hope
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
 Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
 Enough is left besides to search and know. 125
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
 Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
 In measure what the mind may well contain;
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
 Wisdom to folly', as nourishment to wind. 130

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heaven
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host
 Of Angels, than that star the stars among)
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
 Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135
 Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of deity supreme, us dispossest'd,

He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see 145
 Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains
 Number sufficient to possess her realms
 Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
 With ministeries due and solemn rites:
 But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
 That detriment, if such it be to lose
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create
 Another world, out of one man a race 155
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
 Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither, under long obedience try'd,
 And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
 One kingdom, joy and union without end.
 Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heaven.
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it done:
 My overshadowing Spi'rit and might with thee 165
 I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
 Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
 Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire, 170
 And put not forth my goodness which is free
 To act or not, necessity and chance

Approach

Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect. 175
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without procés of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.

Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven, 180
When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to the most High, good-will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight 185
And th' habitations of the just; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of Spi'rits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love 195
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where stand of old 200
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,

Celestial equipage; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
 Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide 205
 Her ever during gates, harmonious sound
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore 210
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyfs
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
 Heav'n's highth, and with the center mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
 Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end:
 Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn; 220
 For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd 225
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This universe, and all created things:
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,
 And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 230
 This be thy just circumference, O world.
 Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
 Matter

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 215

Matter uniform'd and void: Darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' abyſs: but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outſpread, 235
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place 240
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,
And Earth ſelf-balanc'd on her center hung.

Let there be light, ſaid God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure
Sprung from the deep, and from her native eaſt 245
To journey through the acry gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the ſun
Was not; ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw the light was good;
And light from darkneſs by the hemisphere 250
Divided: light the day, and darkneſs night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt day ev'n and morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the celeftial quires, when orient light
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld; 255
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works, Creator him they ſung,
Both when firſt evening was, and when firſt morn. 260

Again, God ſaid, let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide

The waters from the waters: and God made
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd 265

In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
 The waters underneath from those above
 Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270
 ChrySTALLIN ocean, and the loud misrule
 Of Chaos far remov'd, left fierce extremes

Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
 And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament: So even
 And morning chorus sung the second day. 275

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
 Of waters, embryo immature involv'd,
 Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
 Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
 Prolific humor soft'ning all her globe, 280
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,
 Sate with genial moisture, when God said,
 Be gather'd now ye waters under Heaven
 Into one place, and let dry land appear.

Immediately the mountains huge appear 285
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
 So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters: thither they 290
 Hastened with glad precipitance, uproll'd
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 217

Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
 On the swift floods: as armies at the call
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill,
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
 All but within those banks, where rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
 The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated waters he call'd seas:
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
 Her universal face with pleasant green,
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
 Opening their various colors, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustring vine, forth crept
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
 Imbattel'd in her field, and th' humble shrub,
 And

And bush with frizled hair implicit: last
 Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
 Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
 With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
 With borders long the rivers: that earth now
 Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
 None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth 335
 God made, and every herb, before it grew
 On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
 So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
 High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide 340
 The day from night; and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
 And let them be for lights as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of Heaven
 To give light on the earth; and it was so. 345
 And God made two great lights, great for their use
 To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night altern; and made the stars,
 And set them in the firmament of Heaven
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day 350
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying

Surveying his great work, that it was good:
 For of celestial bodies first the sun
 A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first, 355
 Though of ethereal mold: then form'd the moon
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
 And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field:
 Of light by far the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd 360
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
 Hither as to their fountain other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 365
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocond to run
 His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd
 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon 375
 But opposit in level'd west was set
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines, 380
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,

With

With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose, 385
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate
 Reptil with spawn abundant, living soul:
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
 Display'd on the' open firmament of Heaven. 390

And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind;
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful; multiply, and in the seas
 And lakes and running streams the waters fill;
 And let the fowl be multiply'd, on th' earth.
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay

With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400
 Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
 Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate
 Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through groves
 Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance 405
 Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,
 And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk 410
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gate
 Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,

Hugett

Hugg'd of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
 Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and shores
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and sledge 420
 They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise 425
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Their aery caravan high over seas
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane 430
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
 Flotes, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
 Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale 435
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower
 The mid aerial sky: Others on ground

Walk'd

Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train
 Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue 445
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
 Evening and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last arose
 With evening harps and matin, when God said, 450
 Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
 Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
 Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and strait
 Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms, 455
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
 As from his lair the wild beast where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
 In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mold 470
 Behemoth biggest born of earth upheav'd
 His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,

As

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 223

As plants : ambiguous between sea and land
 The river horfe and scaly crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, 475
 Insect or worm : those wav'd their limber fans
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride
 With spots of gold and purple', azure and green :
 These as a line their long dimension drew, 480
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all
 Minims of nature ; some of serpent kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
 The parsimonious emmet, provident 485
 Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
 Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
 Of commonalty : swarming next appear'd
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
 With honey stor'd : the rest are numberless,
 And thou their natures know'st, and gave them names,
 Needleless to thee repeated ; nor unknown
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field, 495
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand 500
 First wheel'd their course ; earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smil'd ; air, water, earth,

By

124 PARADISE LOST. Book VIII.

By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
 Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
 There wanted yet the master work, the end 505
 Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but indued
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief 515
 Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (for where is not he
 Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule 520
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
 This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd 525
 The breath of life; in his own image he
 Created thee, in the image of God
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
 Male he created thee, but thy consort
 Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said, 530
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold

Over

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 225

Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place 535
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth yields
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;
Death is the penalty impos'd, beware, 545
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day: 550
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created world
Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd 555
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air 560
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)
The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung,

The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung, 565
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending: He through Heaven,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led, 575
To God's eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou see'st 580
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high seated top, th' imperial throne 585
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great Father, for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, blest'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,
As

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 227

As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe, 595
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
 Choral or unison : of incense clouds
 Fuming from golden censers hid the mount. 600
 Creation and the six days acts they sung,
 Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
 Thy pow'r; what thought can measure thee, or tongue
 Relate thee? greater now in thy return
 Than from the giant Angels; thee that day 605
 Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
 Is greater than created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
 Of Spi'rits apostate and their counsels vain 610
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshipers. Who seeks
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil 615
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made world, another Heaven
 From Heaven gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st

Their seasons: among these the seat of Men,
 Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,
 And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
 Created in his image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
 And multiply a race of worshipers 630
 Holy and just: thrice happy if they know
 Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the empyréan rung
 With halleluiahs: Thus was sabbath kept.
 And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635
 How first this world and face of things began,
 And what before thy memory was done
 From the beginning, that posterity
 Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st
 Ought, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

4 AP 54

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.



THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge : Adam assents ; and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon ; who after admonitions repeated departs.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
 So charming left his voice, that he a while
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear ;
 Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompense 5
 Equal have I to render thee, divine
 Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd
 This friendly condescension to relate
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard 10
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
 With glory attributed to the high
 Creator ? something yet of doubt remains,
 Which only thy solution can resolve.
 When I behold this goodly frame, this world 15
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute
 Their magnitudes, this earth, a spot, a grain,
 An atom, with the firmament compar'd
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such 20
 Their distance argues and their swift return
 Diurnal) merely to officiate light.

232 PARADISE LOST. Book VIII.

Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night, in all their vast survey
 Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire, 25
 How nature wise and frugal could commit
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
 So many nobler bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold to this one use,
 For ought appears, and on their orbs impose 30
 Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentary earth,
 That better might with far less compass move,
 Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains
 Her end without least motion, and receives, 35
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our fire, and by his count'nance seem'd
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve 40
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, 45
 Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
 And touch'd by her fair tendence gladii'er grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd, 50
 Adam relating, she sole auditress:
 Her husband the relator she preferr'd

Before

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 233

Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55
 With conjugal caresses; from his lip
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
 Not unattended, for on her as queen 60
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,
 And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
 Benevolent and facil thus reply'd. 65

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heaven
 Is as the book of God before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years :
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 70
 Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest
 From Man or Angel the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
 Rather admire; or, if they list to try 75
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appearances, how gird the sphere

With

With centric and eccentric scribed o'er,
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb :
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess, 85
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journeys run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
 The benefit : consider first, that great 90
 Or bright infers not excellence : the earth
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
 Nor glitt'ring, may of solid good contain
 More plenty than the sun that barren shines,
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect, 95
 But in the fruitful earth ; there first receiv'd
 His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
 Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.
 And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak 100
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far ;
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own ;
 An edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest 105
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those circles attribúte,
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
 That to corporeal substances could add
 Speed almost spiritual ; me thou think'st not slow, 110
 Who since the morning hour set out from Heaven
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd

In

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 235

In Eden, distance inexpressible
 By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
 Admitting motion in the Heav'ns, to show 115
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
 God to remove his ways from human sense,
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might err in things too high,
 And no advantage gain. What if the sun
 Be center to the world, and other stars
 By his attractive virtue and their own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds? 125
 Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In fix thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
 The planet earth, so stedfast though she seem,
 Insensibly three different motions move? 130
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
 Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
 Or save the sun his labor, and that swift
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel 135
 Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
 If earth industrious of herself fetch day
 Traveling east, and with her part averse
 From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light 140
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star

Inlightning

Inlightning her by day, as she by night
 This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
 Fields and inhabitants: Her spots thou seest 145
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
 Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
 Allotted there; and other suns perhaps
 With their attendant moons thou wilt descry
 Communicating male and female light, 150
 Which two great sexes animate the world,
 Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.
 For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
 By living soul, desert and desolate,
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute 155
 Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the sun predominant in Heaven 160
 Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,
 He from the east his flaming road begin,
 Or she from west her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
 On her soft axle, while she paces even, 165
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
 Wherever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou 170
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
 And thy fair Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 237

To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there 175
Live, in what state, condition or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth only but of highest Heaven.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure 180
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares, 185
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence, 195
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise 200
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.

Thee

Thee I have heard relating what was done
 Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard; 205
 And day is not yet spent; till then thou seest
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven, 210
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both, from labor, at the hour
 Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill
 Though pleasant, but thy words with grace divine
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
 Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220
 Inward and outward both, his image fair:
 Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;
 Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
 Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire 225
 Gladly into the ways of God with Man:
 For God we see hath honor'd thee, and set
 On Man his equal love: say therefore on;
 For I that day was absent, as beset,
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230
 Far on excursion tow'ard the gates of Hell;
 Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)

To

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 239

To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold, 235
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But as he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut 240
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong ;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light 245
Ere sabbath evening: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now ; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Pow'r, and thus our fire.
For Man to tell how human life began 250
Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun 255
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright 260
Stood on my feet ; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And

And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd, 265
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigor led:
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
 Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
 And thou inlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in pow'r præeminent;
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light, when answer none return'd 285
 On a green shady bank profuse of flowers
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd
 My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state 290
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,

Whose

Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And liv'd : One came, methought, of shape divine,
 And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
 First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
 First Father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
 To the garden of blifs, thy seat prepar'd.
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd, 300
 And over fields and waters, as in air
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain ; whose high top was plain,
 A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw 305
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
 Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat ; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310
 Had lively shadow'd : Here had new begun
 My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at his feet I fell 315
 Submits : he rear'd me', and Whom thou sought'st I am,
 Said mildly, Author of all this thou see'st
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat : 320
 Of every tree that in the garden grows.

Eat freely with glad heart ; fear here no dearth :
 But of the tree whose operation brings
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325
 Amid the garden by the tree of life,
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
 And shun the bitter consequence : for know,
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die, 330
 From that day mortal, and this happy state
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice 335
 Not to incur ; but soon his clear aspect
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
 To thee and to thy race I give ; as lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl,
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
 After their kinds ; I bring them to receive
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 With low subjection ; understand the same 345
 Of fish within their watry residence,
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 Their element to draw the thinner air.
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching two and two, these cowering low 350
 With

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 243

With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God indued
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what methought I wanted still; 355
And to the heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpass'est far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe, 360
And all this good to man? for whose well-being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things: but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone, 365
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude? is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air 370
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? they also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large. 375
So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ord'ring. I with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power, will

R 2

My

My maker, be propitious while I speak. 380

Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,

And these inferior far beneath me set?

Among unequals what society

Can sort, what harmony or true delight?

Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385

Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity

The one intense, the other still remiss

Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove

Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak

Such as I seek, fit to participate 390

All rational delight, wherein the brute

Cannot be human consort; they rejoice

Each with their kind, lion with lioness;

So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;

Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl 395

So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;

Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Where to th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd.

A nice and subtle happiness I see

Thou to thyself propos'st, in the choice 400

Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste

No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.

What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?

Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd

Of happiness, or not? who am alone 405

From all eternity, for none I know

Second to me or like, equal much less.

How have I then with whom to hold converse

Save

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 245

Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents 410
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee 415
Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite, 420
And through all numbers absolute, though one;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires 425
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt 430
Of union or communion, deify'd;
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd 435
This answer from the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,

And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
 Expressing well the spi'rit within thee free, 440
 My image, not imparted to the brute,
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
 And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for Man to be alone, 445
 And no such company as then thou saw'st
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now
 My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' highth,
 In that celestial colloquy sublime, 455
 As with an object that excels the sense
 Dazled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell 460
 Of fancy my internal sight, by which
 Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took 465
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 247

And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
 Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, 475
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 The spi'rit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: 480
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: On she came,
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen, 485
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud. 490
 This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself 495

Before me; Woman is her name, of Man
 Extracted; for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable, or to say all, 505
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
 I follow'd her, she what was honor knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower 510
 I led her blushing like the morn: all Heaven,
 And happy constellations on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence; the earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs 515
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
 On this hill top, to light the bridal lamp. 520
 Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
 In all things else delight indeed, but such

As

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 249

As us'd or not, works in the mind no change, 525
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt, 530
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain, 535
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end 540
Of nature her th' inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel,
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given 545
Q'er other creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best; 550
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shows;

Authority

Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made 555
 Occasionally; and to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow. 560
 Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
 Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
 By attributing over much to things 565
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love,
 Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself; 570
 Then value: Oft-times nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
 And to realities yield all her shows: 575
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful, that with honor thou may'st love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
 Is propagated seem such dear delight 580
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd
 To cattel and each beast; which would not be

To

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 233

To them made common and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move. 585

What high'er in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat 590
In rea'son, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd. 595

Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)

So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600
Those thousand decencies that daily flow

From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;

Harmony to behold in wedded pair 605

More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose

What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet still free 610

Approve the best, and follow what I approve.

To

To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;
 Love not the heav'nly Spi'rits, and how their love 615
 Express they, by looks only, or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620
 Us happy, and without love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'st
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars; 625
 Easier than air with air, if Spi'rits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
 But I can now no more; the parting sun 630
 Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant Iles
 Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command; take heed lest passion sway 635
 Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
 The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
 And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall 640
 Free

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 253

Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgresses repel.

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part, 645
Go heav'nly Guest, ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be' honor'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind 650
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

C O N T E N T S

O F

T H E F I R S T V O L U M E .

PARADISE LOST. BOOK	I.	Page 3
	II.	33
	III.	71
	IV.	99
	V.	137
	VI.	171
	VII.	205
	VIII.	229

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

Page

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

Parables Lost Book

4 AP 54

I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

VII.

VIII.

